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Tentative Essay in Morals

ONE of the crucial theses of Major de Seversky's best seller, "Victory through Air Power," is based upon a distinction elaborated by the Russian flyer and designer. He points out that there are basically two ways of waging modern war—the war of possession and the war of extermination. In the first, the object is to win a military victory with as little damage as possible to the productive capacity of the enemy one intends to exploit after conquest. The second aims at the destruction of an enemy one esteems dangerous but useless for future exploitation. Of the first, the classic example is the German campaign against Russia; of the second, the utter and wanton destruction from the air of a large part of Rotterdam. Obviously, all other things being equal, the first sort of warfare costs you more in life and money than the second, yet *on the whole* it is the sort of warfare which pays the best dividends to an aggressor who wants lands and people to exploit, whereas the second is the best defense for a non-aggressor whose principal object is to stop aggression, not to win more territory or subjects. Logically, therefore, he indicates, our aim should be the maximum possible destruction of Germany and Japan. For modern air-war seemingly makes possible what hitherto would have been utterly illusory—the destruction of a victorious army's home bases by an opponent who may be defeated on land and sea, but gain superiority in the air.

Assuming for an instant that all this is strategically sound, what are the moral aspects of the matter? Once again modern technical achievement opens up to the moralist a problem which even twenty-five years ago would have been largely academic. It is the same sort of moral problem as that offered by the sovereignty of small states. Must we still insist on a small nation's right to *absolute* sovereignty when that sovereignty can jeopardize the lives and happiness of far larger neighboring populations? Can we tolerate the *deliberate,* wholesale killing of civilians in order to eradicate the threat constituted by the armies fighting for those civilians? Shall we admit that when we are confronted with two alternatives, both unjust, it is our duty to select the lesser evil? And how do we determine which *is* the lesser?

Raising moral issues in times of crisis is always thankless: if one's conclusion is to justify what also looks to be the most expedient, the cynical are likely to jeer; if one's conclusion disapproves the expedient, patriots become irritated at what they dub "unrealism."

We believe that de Seversky's strategy is bad from a moral point of view—and can be very short-sighted from the point of view of expediency. We believe it reflects merely another instance of a generic disease: imitating our enemies' disregard for principle because of a lack of faith in principle.

Of course, as in all moral issues, the question of intent, explicit and implicit, is involved. If large-scale air raids on certain key cities, involving only *incidental* (if considerable) destruction of civilian life, can produce a quicker victory and a quicker release for those now suffering thralldom, then the moral problem is different, and there can arise no question over the expediency of such action. So, also, the moral justification for insisting upon the *absolute* sovereignty of states has been vitiated by new circumstances which make such sovereignty threaten the general welfare of mankind. But if your strategy is, despite all official disclaimers, to be an *intended,* systematic extermination, as practiced by our enemies in Rotterdam or Greece or Jugoslavia or Poland, then the situation is reversed. Morally, just as would be the total extinction of a nation's sovereignty, it is clearly intolerable, *no matter how good the end in view.* Politically it is likely to be ruinous, for it can so easily plant seeds of hatred, which will grow into thistles to crowd out the future peace; and we shall find ourselves in a war anew, for which we all too desperately share the blame.

Thus we are glad that so far the RAF has *not* sent out a thousand planes a night. (They can *talk* about it all they want—that's a different matter.) To do so would look altogether too much like a deliberate policy of extermination. An occasional action such as that of Cologne (cer-

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tainly a borderline case) can perhaps be justified, despite incidental slaughter of civilians; but to generalize such tactics into a primary strategy is to fall into the very trap the devil has sprung upon our enemies and seeks endlessly to spring upon us.

Shacks and Housing

THE War Workers' housing crisis underlined by the current *Life* story on Detroit must be viewed against the background of national housing difficulties of the past decade. If the creation of new industries can bring acute dwelling shortages when the nation is at peace, and if both urban and rural slums are so characteristic of the normal American scene, small wonder that the vast shift of population to man our gigantic war industries should have resulted in shortages in Washington, Detroit and other war nerve centers. The Administration has long been conscious of the housing problem; in the past ten years it has worked out various techniques to meet it. Yet *Business Week* reports that only 200,000 new homes are to be completed by private industry this year as compared with 500,000 in 1941, and new government dwelling units will be scarcely more than 300,000. Housing has always been a slow process; now there are grave shortages of essential building materials. Talk about prefabricated housing has been going on for years, yet despite its adaptability to the more temporary homes called for by the new war industries, only 43,188 prefabricated demountable homes are planned for 1942. Not a single one (apart from impromptu specimens) has been completed in Detroit.

The scale of the nation's needs here is indicated by a few statistics on the Michigan metropolis. Donald Nelson estimates that one-sixth of America's war production, or $72,000,000,000 worth of armaments, is expected of Detroit next year. Alvan Macauley, chairman of the Automotive Council for War Production, gives the same figure for peak war production on the part of the nation's automobile industry (which is concentrated largely in the Detroit area) and reports that deliveries in July of this year were about two and one-half times January deliveries. Consider the new manpower required to make this possible. Yet so far this year only two housing developments comprising 676 family units have been completed in Detroit, one of them the Sojourner Truth Homes, where for a time the Negro tenants for whom they were intended were forcibly prevented from taking rightful possession. By the time the snow flies there is no telling how many thousands of war workers and their families will still be living in shacks, trailers and tents without adequate sanitary facilities or community advantages. Here is a sector on the production front which deserves more general attention than it is getting, and a problem which cannot be solved by the coming of peace.

New Order Justice

IMPATIENCE, ignorance, misplaced enthusiasm, unreflecting patriotism—all these things today even more than malice can threaten the liberties of the citizen. It is so easy to feel that when you are up against nazi-fascists, the bars are down. Away with legalism! Get the bums behind bars the quickest way you can! They don't deserve a break.

Very few Americans appreciate how essential to human liberty and to a well-ordered state is the matter of legal procedure and tradition, however cumbersome and even futile they may seem. Especially is this true if such procedure has grown up organically in a state, as the result of trial and error, rather than as something imposed for theoretical reasons. Thus often wholesale reform, based upon what looks like a watertight set of logical principles, can produce a greater disorder and more unforeseen injustice than a silly-seeming and apparently wholly illogical (yet human) growth by accretion.

Basically that is why we should instinctively distrust juridical procedure and acts which broadly violate tradition or precedent. That is why we deeply regret and reprehend the action of the Attorney General and the Federal Grand Jury in the recent mass indictment on conspiracy charges of 28 men and women, most of them crackpots, all of them enemies of democracy. A number of things about this indictment are alarming and threaten the rights of all citizens by establishing precedents and weakening tradition. Mass indictments for conspiracy tend to create false attribution of guilt through association. Even a genius would have difficulty in weighing fairly the degree of individual guilt of twenty-eight different persons all being tried at once. These people come from all over the country; dragging them away from their home districts to be tried in such a perfervid atmosphere as war-time Washington looks like a tyrannical trick. And why, if the utterances cited in the indictment are seditious and the results of a "conspiracy," why are only the small-fry who expressed such opinions indicted? Where is Father Coughlin? Where are the proprietors of certain large and rich newspapers? They look on the surface to have been just as much involved as the Griffins and Dillings and Pelleys.

THE COMMONWEAL has no liking for fascists, American or otherwise. Yet it finds in the methods of the Department of Justice something as much to be condemned, considering its high source, as the preachments and writings of the crackpots presently indicted, however dangerous they may be.

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A Tip for Baseball Magnates

TO Adolph Hitler the supremacy of American Negroes in so many of the running events of the 1936 Olympic Games was a bitter pill. We had long since recognized Negro preeminence on track and field. There can be no question, either, as to the prowess and sportsmanship of Joe Louis. From time to time rumors circulate about marvels at other sports barred from the national spotlight for racial reasons. We seem to remember not so long ago a tennis player reputed superior to Tilden at his peak. Then there is the more celebrated Satchel Paige, a colored baseball pitcher who at 35 is still able to stand most Big League batters on their heads. What more plausible than the aptitude of the American Negro for baseball? Our national game requires speed, power, coordination. Yet why is there not a single Negro in big time baseball?

This question was most aptly raised recently by the Reverend Raymond J. Campion of St. Peter Claver's Church in Brooklyn. Addressing himself to enterprising Larry MacPhail of the now prospering Dodgers, Father Campion asked for a statement of policy. The reply alleged reluctance to "raid" colored teams and colored leagues but manifested willingness to discuss the matter. Parleys will shortly be in progress. In a way it is too bad such initiative comes to light in Brooklyn, for the Dodgers have set a terrific pace all year. They are not at the moment on the lookout for many new players to sew up this year's pennant; they are too far out in front. Box office receipts are equally plus. The case put to MacPhail will have to be couched largely in altruistic terms. But what of some of the other baseball magnates whose teams are now far in the ruck or contending for lesser shares of the receipts in the 1942 World Series? Who wouldn't welcome the acquisition of a Paige to a faltering pitching staff, of a real clean-up hitter? Minor league stars are continually being drafted into the majors; there doesn't seem to be much to the fear of hurting the Negro leagues. It is high time some owner or manager gave a boost to his country and his team by signing up a few Negro stars.

Farm Labor

By C. J. ENZLER

MODERN WARS, as Napoleon said, are won or lost in the workshops of a country. Of all our workshops none is more vital to victory than our farm plant of six million units.

In a bombing plane, for example, are shellac, paint, cotton, paper and paper pulp, jute, rubber, wool and mohair—all products of the farm. Into the making of a 35,000 ton battleship go 110 bales of cotton. One burst from a battery of eight 16-inch guns consumes two tons of cotton and the alcohol content of 12 acres of wheat.

Farm products are the raw materials of uniforms of soldiers, of parachute harnesses and rigging, of signal halyards, of aviators' jackets, pants and helmets.

But, more important by far, good food is the first fundamental for health, for efficiency in work and for success in battle.

Since the farmer is such an essential character in our war drama, we cannot coolly permit a farm labor shortage to endanger his performance. Contrary to the implications of a recent COMMONWEAL article, there is precisely that danger.

A conservative estimate of the loss of farm workers during 1942 is the following: At least a million to war industries and enlistment in the armed forces; at least 500,000 to Selective Service. Now, a cut of more than a million and a half sturdy workers out of a labor force of 12 millions is much more than a trifle at any time. But it assumes extremely serious proportions when the cut is made at a time when that labor force is straining every sinew to increase production—and when shortages of new machinery and supplies are growing ever more stringent.

We must not be misled by the bare fact that farm labor employment for the year 1942 will be little, if any, lower than for 1941, and that, thus far, employment in most months of 1942 has exceeded that of the corresponding months last year. There is much more here than meets the eye.

First, the job our farmers have undertaken this year is simply stupendous. You can't visualize 57 billion quarts of milk—or 50 billion eggs—or 25 billion pounds of meat. But that quantity of milk is enough to float every battleship, aircraft carrier, cruiser, destroyer and submarine in the United States, the British and the Russian navies. That many eggs would reach 60 times around the earth at the equator. That much meat would pave seven 4-lane super-highways an inch thick between New York and San Francisco.

These goals represent great increases in production over any other year in our history—increases which normally would require the addition of perhaps a million laborers.

Actually here is what farmers have to work with. On July 1, 1942, there were 12,009,000 persons employed on farms—80,000 more than on July 1, 1941, but 327,000 *below* the 5-year average, 1937-41. There were 26,000 fewer hired workers employed than a year ago, and these included thousands of high school and college kids, townspeople and others not normally employed on farms.

Obviously there was not enough hired help. Thousands more were needed. The first thing farmers did was to call on farm women and farm boys and girls. And on July 1, 1942, there were

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about 106,000 more of these family workers out in the fields than there had been a year before.

How much farmers have come to depend on their wives and daughters in their labor force is indicated by two statistics. On April 1, 1940, only 5.8 percent of workers on farms were women. On April 1, 1942, nearly 14 percent of all farm workers were women.

All this new help, of course, was not as efficient as the old help that had been lost. The 1942 farm labor group includes a much larger proportion of inexperienced workers than did the 1941 group. And where milk production is concerned this is of special importance, for an inexperienced hand can seriously retard the productivity of a cow.

Fortunately, through the use of farm women and children, high school youngsters from the towns and cities, the Boy Scouts, the Land Volunteer Army and other groups, we shall probably get through 1942 without serious crop losses. But there will be some loss—there has been already. And in certain areas farmers are tremendously handicapped.

In New England where the pull to factories is particularly strong, this is certainly true. In Vermont some farmers are reducing herds to adjust to the labor shortage, while others are selling cows to take jobs in war industry. In Connecticut, the greatest threat to meeting this year's goals, according to Department of Agriculture War Boards, is scarcity of labor. Other areas, too, report acute shortages—among them being the Chicago, Kansas City and Pacific Northwest milksheds.

In some localities the principal difficulty is lack of transportation. For example, many farm laborers in southern California are reported as unemployed, while farmers in the San Joaquin Valley fear lack of help may result in crop losses.

In some places, too, farmers have hoarded labor, kept workers longer than they needed them, failed to share them with neighboring farmers.

Again, farmers have suffered from their own unwillingness or inability to pay adequate wages or to provide decent living quarters.

But the worst that happens in 1942 is likely to be much less than a reasonable facsimile of what is likely to occur in 1943.

The authorities are talking about an 8 or 10 million army. That big an army means that about 2¼ million of the boys in it will come off the farms. In December, 1941, we had about 19 million persons employed in war industries. By December, 1943, it is estimated that we shall have 24 million, with a consequent loss of another big segment of farm workers.

Next year's production goals will again be high. But machinery, supplies and especially labor will be harder than ever to procure.

We'll be sending boys—and not only boys but women and children—to do a man's work on the farms next year. And on their ability to do it may hinge a surprisingly large part of the winning of the war and the peace to follow.

Just a word about a point of view which has become prevalent, namely, that no farm labor problem would exist if only farmers would make up their minds to pay fair wages and provide decent working conditions. Admittedly, the farm labor portion of our population has been underpaid for decades. But the net income of farmers generally has also been far below that of the rest of the population. The average wage of farm laborers on July 1, 1942, was 24 percent above that of July 1, 1941, indicating that farm operators are sharing their increasing income with their help.

In many instances, farmers simply find it impossible to compete with industry in the labor market. In St. Mary's County, Maryland, is a farmer friend of mine who has successively lost four hired hands. They find they can get $40.00 a week at a nearby point where government work is available.

In any event, our best hope for 1943 lies in the all-out use of every agency which can help recruit farm laborers, and, above all, in individual action by the farmers themselves.

Among the interested agencies is, of course, the US Employment Service, whose job it is to recruit workers and help place them where they can do the most good. Then, there are the Department of Agriculture War Boards, the Farm Security Administration migratory camps, and other agricultural agencies. All of these must work closely with the USES to develop plans for transportation of workers, housing and maximum utilization of workers.

Much depends, too, on how Selective Service is applied to farm labor. In the past, farmers have shrunk from requesting deferment for essential workers, not realizing that food and fiber are among our most important war weapons.

But the final solution to the farm labor problem in 1943 must rest primarily with the individual farmers themselves. Governmental agencies can only help. It is strictly up to the farmer himself to get in touch and keep in touch with the local US Employment Service office; to plan his operations so as to use to the best advantage machinery, supplies and labor; to give his inexperienced workers adequate supervision; to pay fair wages; and to pool his labor supply whenever possible with his neighbors.

If all these things are done, we may get through 1943 without any great reduction of output. But it is going to be a hard battle—and one of marked importance in the eventual outcome of this War of Survival.

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The Basic Problem of India

Do the British Government or the Congress Party have the answer to the aspirations of the people of India?

By Harry Paxton Howard

WHEN Sir Stafford Cripps, five months ago, made his proposals to the Congress Party and other Indian groups, and was faced by their replies and counter-demands, there was one response which merited far greater attention than it received in the United States. This was the response of a Hindu group, numbering more than 60,000,000, who opposed the Cripps proposals on the ground that they offered entirely too much to the caste Hindus who lead and dominate the Congress Party. The Depressed Classes of India, the most bitterly exploited and oppressed element in all India, expressed the "deepest anxiety regarding the future of the Depressed Classes" under the proposed set-up, which they regarded as "sure to place them under an unmitigated system of Hindu rule." They gave serious and emphatic warning that "any such result, which takes us back to the black days of the ancient past, will never be tolerated by us."

Such a statement merited most serious attention—especially in connection with the statements of the Moslem League and other groups. For no one with genuine sympathy for the masses of India can possibly ignore the problem which some of their responsible spokesmen have presented with such compelling force. Is British rule really preferable, from the viewpoint of these common people, to "an unmitigated system of Hindu rule"? Are there no alternatives? What, really, do the politically intelligent elements among the Indian masses really want?

The Depressed Classes do not, indeed, make up a majority of the Indian people. Their 60,000,000, however, constitute the "bottom proletariat" of the Hindu population of some 250,000,000. They make up a very large proportion of the workers in India's great modern industries—their employers mostly being upper-caste Hindus. And they are well represented in the Indian Army, where they have undertaken with great gusto such tasks as pulling down the Shanwar Palace (the last strong citadel of the Brahman hierarchy in the Deccan) some years ago—a job for which the "Tommy regiments" were useless. Their brilliant leader, J. R. Ambedkar, three months ago became Labor Minister in the Viceroy's Cabinet—an appointment which infuriated the "twice-born" Hindu leaders of the Mahasabha and the Congress Party, to whom he is an "untouchable."

Under Hindu rule, the "untouchables" were the lowest grade of a "permanent proletariat"—proletarian in the literal sense of the word, since they were often forbidden to own property. Some lived in their own outcast villages, but most of them worked for Hindus at low and "unclean" work, wretchedly paid and living in unspeakable sub-human misery in their ghettos on the edges of the caste villages, towns and cities which they served—ghettos always to the leeward, since the wind from their quarters must not "contaminate" the twice-born. They were forbidden the use of public wells, of public roads—and until recently were unable to use the schools or even to enter village post-offices. "Untouchable" women have been severely beaten by caste Hindus for daring to walk in the "sacred" streets of Benares—but their "untouchability" does not protect them from molestation by Hindu employers when working in Hindu households: the children are "untouchables" anyway.

Under British rule, the Depressed Classes have succeeded in gaining some elementary human rights. The British, indeed, have repeatedly announced their principle of "Equal Treatment," and though fulfillment has been reluctant and quite inadequate it has given the Depressed increased hope and confidence. An increasing number have gained education. In the representative provinicial assemblies established under the India Act of 1935, they had their own representatives, who showed themselves to be capable and intelligent men and in some cases made definite gains toward greater equality and freedom for their people—and for the Indian masses generally.

Such Hindu leaders as Gandhi have long realized the importance of gaining over the Depressed Classes, and both the reactionary Hindu Mahasabha and the Congress Party have passed resolutions against untouchability. For a time Gandhi and his associates assisted in improving somewhat the lot of the Untouchables in some areas, but the "reform" movement has gotten beyond the period of "patronage." There are still some members of the Depressed Classes in the Congress Party, but many have gone far beyond this. Like great numbers of American Negroes today, great num-

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bers of the Depressed Classes in India demand not "kindness" but *equality*, not "charity" but *justice*. A number—especially among the industrial workers—have become commmunists, but these are a decided minority. The most representative and really advanced group is that represented by Ambedkar.

Persons who are seriously and deeply interested in the welfare of the Indian masses cannot, of course, base their judgment wholly on the position of the Depressed Classes, who after all are a decided minority. But this is a matter which no socially minded person can possibly leave out of consideration in regard to the question of Indian self-government. We have no less an authority than Gandhi for the statement, made at Calcutta on May 1, 1925: "So long as untouchability disfigures Hinduism, so long do I hold the attainment of Swaraj to be an utter impossibility." Untouchability still disfigures Hinduism.

Hinduism

"Caste" Hindus, however, still constitute an actual majority in most of India. If they were fully united for the maintenance of their privileges, and had fighting power comparable to their numbers, they would be completely the masters of India. Does it follow from this that democracy—the rule of the people, deciding by majorities—is "unworkable" for India, or would mean the full re-establishment of all the worst features of Hinduism?

This is a problem which cannot possibly be ignored. It is a matter of most vital consequence to the people of India, who constitute more than one-sixth of the people of the world. Some American "liberals" can escape the whole problem by an ostrich policy, declaring loudly for Indian nationalism and "democracy" and then sticking their heads in the sand. But no person genuinely sympathetic to the common people of India, or alive to the need of an organized world, can possibly take such an attitude. We must build for human freedom and equality. And we cannot permit the trappings of "democracy" and the nineteenth-century shibboleths of nationalism to be used to bring night over one-sixth of the earth's people.

Fortunately, the caste Hindus are not united. The hereditary castes, indeed, themselves interfere with any real unity. But beyond this there is the matter of political and social divergences. Most caste Hindus, like most white men south of the "Smith and Wesson line," believe in the maintenance of their "superior" social position relative to the "depressed" group or class. But there are deep divergences and conflicts among themselves. If, indeed, the 250,000,000 Hindus were really united, it is quite obvious that 40,000,000 Britishers would not be able to rule them—and would never have been able to rule them.

First of all, what is Hinduism? There is no need, at the moment, to deal with the actual theology of this conglomeration of creeds—which, regarded as the "light of Asia" by some Western faddists, actually means the grossest and blackest superstition for the great mass of its Indian followers. The real importance of the "Blight of Asia" lies in its social system. The best definition of a Hindu is a person born in India of Indian parents on both sides, and accepting and obeying the rules of his caste.

The caste system is an evil. The evil lies not in the matter of hereditary occupations, but in the invidious distinctions between occupations—in the fact that some are born to servility and misery and others are born to wealth and power, that these distinctions are hereditary, and that they are buttressed by the socially monstrous doctrine of *karma*—according to which each person is merely receiving his due meed for the sins or virtues of a previous existence. But we of the Western world must beware of the old attitude—unfortunately not yet dead—of our own ineffable superiority toward such systems and beliefs. It was not so long since our own English peasant prayed, humbly:

> Bless the squire and his relations,
> And keep us in our proper stations.

We must above all beware of the idea that Britain has always stood for democratic progress in India, as against caste. The British in India have actually, in effect, formed a caste of their own. It is one of the most exclusive of castes. To the Hindu Brahman, the Englishman is of course "untouchable," and after contact with him the orthodox Brahman will carefully "purify" himself. But to the Englishman in India, the wealthiest and most educated Hindu is "unfit" even to enter the doors of the "upper-caste" British club. The English community in India have been a distinct caste, with several sub-castes. But their racial "superiority complex" has prevented their assimilation into the Hindu system.

This would not have required the abandonment of their Christian beliefs, since Hinduism is willing to accept Christianity or anything else into its vast "collection," and the Brahmans are quite prepared to serve any group which utilizes and appreciates their services. But most Englishmen have come out to India—especially since the Mutiny of 1857—with an active racial antipathy to the inhabitants of the country,

> Where every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile.

This British attitude roused its inevitable response among the Indian people—particularly among the Brahmans and other upper-caste Hindus who were accustomed to social respect and sometimes much more than respect. The bitterness aroused is one of the main bases of Indian "Nationalism," which has always been largely a

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racial movement. This racial feeling is one of the evil heritages of the past—which still finds powerful expression today, on both sides. It is the real basis of Indian "Nationalist" appeals to the "masses." For hatred of foreigners, particularly foreigners of different color and race, is a thing easily roused and cultivated among ignorant masses. And in India it has been roused both by the conduct of the British themselves and by the propaganda of the anti-British "Nationalists." The major element in what India's professional revolutionists call the "revolutionary mass movement" is, beyond any question, race hatred.

Progressive Indians

The real hope of India lies in the increasing number of persons who have progressed beyond racial antipathy and caste prejudices, and are looking seriously toward a social order based upon ever-expanding freedom and equality, with spiritual values of a far higher order than those expressed by caste exclusiveness or the egoistic "saintliness" of the Arhat. For generation after generation, the British in India have had the cooperation of one Indian group or another, usually progressive and usually opposed to the old Brahman domination. But they have never given effective support to such groups, nor fully carried out their promises to them.

Even today, despite the stupid acts of the British Tory Government, the shrewd propaganda of the Japanese, and the attempts of Indian revolutionists and politicians to make all possible capital out of the situation, the forward-looking and progressive Indians carry on—just as some forward-looking and progressive Englishmen continue to carry on under and even in the Churchill régime. The Hindu Mahasabha, the most representative group of the conservative and orthodox Hindus, has very much in common with the Tories in Britain, but it is doubtful whether they represent a majority among the caste Hindus. It is necessary to note, however, their flat opposition to any concessions either to the democratic Moslems or to the Depressed Classes, their demand for absolute Hindu rule over all India, and their proposal to Churchill early in March urging "the proclamation of the independence of India with co-partnership equal with Britain in an Indo-British Commonwealth" — which would have meant a Conservative alliance of tremendous importance, but which was fortunately quite inconceivable to Churchill with his superior "British race and nation" complex.

The Congress Party contains some progressive elements, as well as reactionary ones. It is a collection of smaller groups, gaining a powerful political position by this coalition and its ability to be all things to all people. Nehru is a strong advocate of industrialization, an agnostic, a "Socialist," and an admirer of Lenin. Gandhi is an opponent of industrialization, is professedly guided by a mystic "inner voice" (gifted with great political shrewdness) and appeals to the superstitious masses by "Holy Man" methods. Azad is an orthodox Moslem chosen president by the Party machine in 1940 in order to appeal to religious Mohammedans against the Moslem League and the unorthodox and religiously liberal Jinnah, but the Congress Party definitely represent a decided minority of the Mohammedans.

The Indian Congress was the first, and was long the outstanding, political organization in India, but the internal conflicts brought about by actual and increasing problems of practical activity have resulted in one group after another splitting off, as well as other groups being formed for more specific and less "universal" ends. Five years ago, the Congress Party coalition represented some 45 percent of the Indian people. Today, it is doubtful if they represent more than 35 percent. They represent, indeed, the most numerous single group, and their emphasis on "nationalism" gives them at times the support of elements often hostile. But their time of greatest influence has passed—unless they can secure power with foreign assistance, which was the real aim of their demands on Cripps and which is the aim of their former President Bose in his present dealings with the Germans and Japanese.

But there are genuine Indian liberals and progressives, both inside and outside the Congress Party. Sapru is the leading member of the "old school" of Indian Liberals, now in decline. Rajagopalachariar is a powerful figure, particularly in Madras, and his resignation from the Party last April—largely on the basis of the Party's undemocratic aims regarding the Moslems, to whom they refused to accord self-government in predominantly Moslem areas—was a serious loss to the Party. Such elements, and the conflicting groups within the Congress Party itself, show clearly that the caste Hindu majority in India is by no means a unit, and by no means wholly devoted to the preservation or reestablishment of its old privileges. A majority of caste Hindus still support the Mahasabha or the Congress Party, but there is a growing minority which is flatly opposed to the first and is increasingly hostile to the dictatorial, reactionary and power-seeking elements in the latter.

There is, furthermore, increasing political consciousness among Hindu peasants and workers within the caste system, whose only "advantage" from the system is the ability to feel themselves "superior" to the untouchables. But the Depressed Classes are themselves breaking this line down to an increasing extent, and Hindu peasants and workers are increasingly considering their own interests as opposed to those of their Hindu

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landlords, moneylenders and other exploiters. And when such considerations come into play, with the organization of cooperatives, peasant unions, trade unions, and similar organizations, there is a genuine basis for the reorganization of Indian society on democratic foundations.

For the Hindu landlord, moneylender and industrialist, however "other-worldly" in his temples, is extremely materialistic and even "unprejudiced" in his ruthless exploitation of his economic subjects, whether the latter are Sudras (lowest-caste Hindus), Mohammedans or Untouchables. In many cases, indeed, he exploits his Hindu victim far more mercilessly than the Mohammedan, because the Hindu is more inclined to meekness—and the meek in India inherit poverty and oppression. No realistic appraisal of the Indian situation can ignore the fact of upper-caste Hindu economic and financial domination. British exploitation of India has never at any time been comparable to privileged Indians' exploitation of their Indian subjects.

The Mohammedans

Hindu and Islam represent not merely two distinct religions, but two distinct social orders in India. Moslem society is essentially and basically democratic and anti-caste, recognizing the equality of all men under God. Racially, the great majority of Mohammedans in India are similar to the ordinary Indians in the same areas. Most of them, in fact, are the descendants of converted Hindus. In days gone by, these conversions represented a kind of rebellion of low-caste and outcast Indians against the social and financial domination of the high-caste and wealthy elements in society. It was the liberalism and equality of Islam, rather than its theology, which attracted them.

Those days have gone by, and the Moslems of India no longer seek converts. But the fundamental distinction between caste Hindu society and democratic Moslem society remains, as also the economic distinction. The great majority of Indian Mohammedans are still peasants, mainly exploited by upper-caste Hindus. In some areas, most Moslems are agricultural laborers or share-croppers, working for Hindu landlords. Those who own small plots of land are commonly exploited by Hindu moneylenders and merchants. Money-lending is itself a distinction between Hindu and Moslem, since Mohammedans are forbidden by their own religious law to charge interest; the "other-worldly" Hindus charge as much usury as the traffic will bear.

In early days, the British in India tended to accept the Moslem attitude towards Hinduism, since this is more akin to our own religious attitude and goes back to the same Biblical roots. (The Mohammedans accept much of the Bible, and regard Moses and Jesus as the first and second great prophets respectively, but declare that Mahomet was the third and greatest prophet of the Almighty, superseding and "improving upon" his inspired predecessors.) But owing to the "superior" Englishman's ignorance of conditions, they wrongly attributed the 1857 rebellion to the Moslems, and undertook a most stupid and cruel campaign against this community, ruining and dispersing the great Moslem families.

Hindu Nationalists, and the Congress Party's agents abroad, have consistently attempted—with considerable success among our "fellow travelers" and yoga faddists—to belittle the influence of the Moslem League, and its capable president Jinnah. In the 1937 elections in India, the well-organized Congress Party gained a majority, and was able to form provincial governments, in the overwhelmingly *Hindu* provinces of British India. When the Congress Party machine, in October, 1939, called upon the provincial Congress Ministries to resign, they obeyed—a conflict contributed to by both British and Congress intransigence. In the provinces which were *not* overwhelmingly Hindu, coalition governments had been formed, with Moslem premiers.

In the provinces of Bengal and Assam in the east, and Punjab and Sind in the west, democratic provincial government continued, despite the Congress Party's actions. These ministries, headed by Moslems, were widely democratic, including Hindus, Sikhs, Depressed Classes, and others. These four provinces have a population of over 100,000,000—more than one-third of the population of British India. In Assam on the eastern border, the Governor took over power at the end of 1941, but democratic provincial government continued in three provinces, with about one-third of the people of British India.

When the British Government formed the Indian National Defense Council last year, it included the Moslem Premiers of Bengal, the Punjab and Assam among its members. Jinnah demanded that they resign, declaring that as representatives of the Moslem community they should first have obtained the sanction of the League. All three obeyed—a clear sign of the power and influence of Jinnah and the League.

The Moslems are extremely apprehensive of the Congress Party's ambitions—expressed even more completely by the Hindu Mahasabha—for complete Hindu rule. In opposition to this we have not only the Moslem demand for self-government in predominantly Moslem areas—a wholly justified demand, wholly democratic in spirit. We also have a Moslem demand for "equal representation" in all India, where they constitute only one-fourth of the population—a quite undemocratic and unjustified demand.

There is keen appreciation of this among pro-

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gressive Moslems, and there is considerable hostility to Jinnah's authority. But Mohammedans cannot afford, in the present crisis, to do anything which would split the Moslem community and weaken their position *vis-à-vis* the Hindus. The Premier of Bengal last year, though resigning from the Defence Council as Jinnah demanded, also resigned from the Moslem League, declaring emphatically—in a letter to its secretary—that "the principles of democracy and autonomy in the All-Indian Moslem League are being subordinated to the arbitrary wishes of a single individual, who seeks to rule as an omnipotent authority even over the destiny of 33 millions of Moslems in the province of Bengal."

It is from democratic leaders of this kind, working together with other democratic elements—among the Hindus and the Sikhs, the Depressed Classes and the Christian and other minorities—that a genuinely free India may emerge. A real beginning has been made in democratic self-government. This must be expanded and widened, and not hamstrung or destroyed either by British Imperialism or by Hindu or Congress dictatorship. The native princes must not be permitted to interfere in any way with the destinies of British India. If the Indian people in British India gain genuine democratic self-government, their compatriots in the native states will join them—either by forcible change of the native autocracies, or by constitutional reform by the more intelligent princes. The Congress Party cannot justifiably demand that the British Government should revolutionize the native states on behalf of the Party. And the British Government cannot justifiably demand that the native autocrats have a decisive voice in the government of British India.

The British may abandon their race and "caste" superiority, and cooperate with democratic and progressive elements in India for the gaining of real allies, with Indian hostility transformed into real appreciation and friendship, with the black past—British and Hindu—gradually forgiven if not forgotten. Or the British may continue their old attitude of racial superiority, and the Tory policy of playing one group against another while basically hostile to all real democracy—which will mean that they will be kicked out of India.

The British still have their choice. But they will not have it long.

Twentieth Century Miracle

A French revival comes to America.

By **Granger Ryan**

THE DATE was May 30, 1935, in the late afternoon of a golden spring day, and the "Play of Adam and Eve" was drawing to a close. The stage was the triple south portal of the Cathedral of Chartres, and the wide flight of steps leading up to it. There was very little scenery except the portals themselves—a blue drapery in the archivolt of the portal of the martyrs, at the left, to symbolize Heaven; some plants and small trees to signify the earthly Paradise; a red drapery in the portal on the right to represent Hell. Adam and Eve had been driven from Paradise, and had fled from the wrathful gesture of Figura, the symbol of God. They had plied spade and rake over the stone steps, the "earth cursed in their work," and had seen thorns spring up in the furrows. Then, in the extremity of his grief, Adam heaped reproaches on his wife, blaming her for their fate and the fate of their children. Her answer, spoken in the long, grave rhythms of the old French epic meter, was as humble as her dolorous gestures and weary figure. While they spoke, the devils gathered around them to take them to Hell, "some dragging, others pushing them": but before they disappeared, Eve in a final quatrain announced her (and our) hope in God's mercy and in the redemption which His power would work:

Et cependant en Dieu est l'espérance;
De ce péché y aura accordance.
Dieu me rendra sa grace et apparence,
Nous tirera d'enfer par sa puissance.

They vanished into the jaws of Hell, and smoke and flame belched forth: but from the galleries above the portals a canticle of hope, sung by the Psalette Notre Dame, descended as softly as the dusk. The audience, which had gathered from far and wide, sat silent—"bewitched," as one dramatic critic described it—before they remembered that they were at the theater, and made the ancient arches ring with their applause.

In this manner the great twelfth-century mystery play of Adam and Eve emerged from its dusty folios, and became drama for the first time in centuries. The actors were a group of Sorbonne students who were already knowns as the "Théo-

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philiens"; their leader, and the man who had prepared the modernized text of the play and directed the production, was Gustave Cohen, Professor of Medieval French Literature in the Faculty of Letters of the Sorbonne. It was the realization of an ideal and a dream which the master and his students had pursued for several years, and which I shall allow M. Cohen himself to define: "In order to bring our great Middle Age back to life, according to the formula which is dear to us, for the first time we are raising out of the depths of time, and animating with our faith in beauty, the three cathedrals—the architectural, the literary and the musical."

The "Adam and Eve" was not the first medieval play which the Théophiliens had produced. The group took its name from the "Théophile," the Theophilus play of the thirteenth-century poet Rutebeuf, which has been called the first "Faust." At the beginning of 1933, in the midst of a course on "Théophile," M. Cohen told his students (an obvious truth which most professors forget and some deny) that a play is *not* black on white, but color and music and actors and action on a stage, and that if they would act "Théophile," the text might come to life for them. The student's reaction was equally unusual: they followed the suggestion. Professors and students spent several months preparing a rejuvenated text and working on the problems of staging. They faced and overcame innumerable obstacles, from the bookish scepticism of the savants (*"Théophile* is a deadly bore," said one: "Not dramatic at all—lyrical," said another) to the task of converting a *salle de doctorat* into the semblance of a thirteenth-century setting. On May 7, 1933, "Théophile" was produced, with the simultaneous staging, the costumes, and the music appropriate to its origins. The vicar of the legend, unjustly demoted by his bishop, bewailed his loss, made his compact with Satan, carried out the Devil's sinister commands in a sequence composed of harsh words and eloquent pantomime, recognized his sin, made his prayer to the Blessed Virgin in the long and tender poem which had caused the whole play to be rejected as "lyrical," and at last obtained forgiveness and reconciliation through the Virgin's mediation. Public acclaim was immediate. The critics chanted their praises in chorus, and at least one of them, Gérard d'Houville of the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* went below the surface of the drama to reflect upon the medieval spirit itself: "The natural naïvetés of a youth which is still close to childhood . . . are allied with the gravest thoughts of the mind, and the vastest concerns of the soul."

Thus the theater of the Middle Age came to life, and the movement of the Théophiliens was born. Since that not so distant beginning, the Théophiliens, still composed of students or former students of the Sorbonne, and still inspired and directed by Gustave Cohen, have produced Théophile nearly a hundred times, in France, Belgium, Holland, England and Spain. Similar groups have been formed in other universities, and were likewise called Théophiliens. The repertory of the original company was expanded step by step. In 1934 they produced the "Play of Robin and Marion," a delicious comedy by Adam le Bossu, or de le Hale, of Arras. In 1935 it was the "Adam and Eve" already described. In 1936 M. Cohen and his group began their work on one of the most perfect of the medieval dramas, the fifteenth-century "Mystery of the Passion," extracting from it and producing the "Worldliness and Conversion of Mary Magdalen." In 1937 another such extract from the "Passion," the "Judas," was performed, and with it "Maître Pathelin," a fifteenth-century farce. In 1939 the third wing of the living triptych of the Passion was added in the "Notre Dame"; and it was the intention of the group to present the "Marie Madeleine," the "Judas," and the "Notre Dame" together as the "Passion des Théophiliens." The war interrupted the work, of course, scattering the Théophiliens and obliging M. Cohen to leave France and come to the United States. He is now Visiting Professor at Yale, and Dean of the faculty of Letters at the Ecole Libre des Hautes Etudes in New York, and this summer is giving courses at Columbia. But Théophile, once brought to life, has not died a second time. Wherever M. Cohen is, new Théophiliens spring up around him. On May 2 and 3 of this year, a group of his students at Yale produced the play, and another group, recruited among the students of Hunter College, City College, Brooklyn College, and Queens College staged "Théophile" and "Maître Pathelin" in the Hunter Auditorium on April 18; this performance will be repeated in the fall. On April 19 an English version of "Théophile" was given at the Cloisters in New York; and another company is rehearsing the "Adam and Eve" in Montreal. Of this American Théophilien movement we may repeat the words of Gaston Chérau regarding the original movement in France: "It is the magnificent planting, in the good ground of the arts, of an ancient seed rediscovered, whose vital force is still intact."

What about it?

By this time the reader may be wondering whether this account was written to interest *him.* After all, we are talking about the revival—in French, a foreign language, and rather archaic French, at that—of a half-dozen plays composed centuries ago, in a dramatic idiom which is no longer ours, and upon which we have improved, we think, immeasurably. This would seem to be

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of concern only to scholars, and not to the general public. I feel, on the contrary, that this resurrection of the medieval theatre can and should be a matter of wide contemporary interest. The vernacular literature of the Middle Age is not a separate and distinct literature from our own; it is modern literature in its first stage, and it either transmitted or invented all the forms and most of the themes of modern literature. This is specifically true of the theater. Several years ago, speaking of the Easter play whose origins date back at least to the tenth century, Brooks Atkinson wrote: "On Easter morning the modern drama was born." In its cradle the modern drama was neither so literary nor so sophisticated as it has grown to be. As we read it now, its poetry is not consistently excellent, although few of the plays are without some remarkably beautiful passages. Its dramatic values are not always readily discernible, and indeed were not meant to be on paper: but who can be sure of the dramatic force of the most recent play if he stops at reading it? And even the printed page conveys some of the dramatic insight of many of the old playwrights. The medieval theater was not "classical," but neither is the modern theater. The vernacular drama in its infancy was very truly a theater "of the people, by the people and for the people"; and if in its modern phase the theater has neglected its folk roots, that is the theater's loss, and is recorded on the debit side of many a contemporary box office ledger. The medieval theater is young, but not childish—ingenuous, but not simple. It is characterized by a fresh and direct realism, in which is embodied a richly evocative symbolism. The three Maries in the Resurrection Play go to the ointment seller to buy ointments for the body of Christ. The merchant and the women are real; they are not above a bit of sharp bargaining over prices. But there is a tragic grandeur about the women's grief over the death of Christ which will leave no heart unmoved. The Foolish Virgins of the "Sponsus" play are silly women who have overslept; but in its dramatic context their repeated lament, "grievous we, wretched we, we have slept too long!" shapes forth the whole mystery of man's neglect of grace. The character of Théophilus may seem to be a little on the sound-and-fury side, but he personifies the problem of human pride, which has been the stuff of more than one great drama; and the play states the problem as a spiritual and moral one, which is a truer and therefore more dramatic presentation than the psychological, conditioned-reflex, or nothing-can-be-done-about-it treatment. This blending of tactile realism and a traditional religious philosophy of life is what prompted the surprised remark of Gérard d'Houville concerning the "Judas," in 1937: "What a terrifying knowledge of certain souls these old authors possessed—authors who were the contemporaries of the artists, at once pure and tormented, who carved saints and gargoyles, angels and demons, images of beauty and the horrible visages of sin, on the portals of the cathedrals! They treated with a grandiose naïveté what Freud and his disciples have brought out again with a learned perversity."

This whole point indicates one of the most precious legacies of the medieval drama to the modern theater, a legacy the loss of which is afflicting the theater of our day with pernicious anemia. Such plays as "Théophile" and the "Mystery of the Passion" state and dramatize the problems of human life with a depth and sharpness which we attribute almost exclusively to the Greek tragedies. But whereas the final answer of the Greek plays to these problems is "Hush, we may wake up the fates!" the medieval tragedies are inspirited with the knowledge that all human problems are ultimately resolved in God, and they bring them to Him explicitly and confidently. This is nothing but the dramatic expression of Christian hope: and it should be as much a part of our theater as it was of the medieval. If ninety-nine out of a hundred "serious" plays of our time seem a bad bargain at four-forty, it is because we come away with the feeling that there was no *bigness* in them—that we know at least as much about the problem as the author of the play, and got no nearer to truth through the speeches of his characters. That is because most of the playwrights of our day have no philosophy but their own sophistication: they have no tradition. The ecstasy, the *catharsis,* produced by the medieval play is the effect of its moving in the transcendental sphere of Christian truth. Hence its integrity—its solutions are as sound as its problems are real. It is true to *life*: and that is why, in the case of the plays produced by the Théophiliens, it was not only the critics and the scholars who appreciated them, but a fairly typical theater-going public that felt their strength and their inspiration.

It is true that the particular undertakings of the Théophiliens appeal to a restricted section of the American public, because they are presented in French. That is the more reason to look, from now on, toward the study and revival of some of the English medieval plays, perhaps with just such a group as the Théophiliens, who will bring to the work the freshness and freedom of spirit which the French group has radiated. But the vitality and fruitfulness of the Théophilien movement in Europe, and more recently here in America, is a consoling phenomenon for those who love France and fear for her. M. Cohen, in concluding an article in the *Mercure de France* in 1937, expresses his affection and admiration for the young men and women who belonged to his group, and says to them, "Through you the future is assured and France is saved!" It is well to

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remember the truth of this statement, at a time when for purely temporary reasons the press finds it expedient to picture France as a country which in the last generation, or the last decade, has fallen into political and spiritual decadence. Decay there must have been: but the mere fact of such activities as the Théophilien movement and the response which it evoked is proof that the decay was neither so deep nor so widespread as it has been depicted. The strength of France has always been a strength of the spirit, a faith. By that strength France led and inspired the progress of the spiritual culture of the West for more than a thousand years, and no one of us, in these days of France's trial, is likely to forget or to deny our debt to her. May the spirit of the age of Saint Louis and of Jeanne d'Arc survive in the youth of France today, and may it keep alive in the world the *gesta Dei per Francos!*

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IT IS to be most sincerely hoped that the blast of reckless condemnation, let loose in so many quarters almost simultaneously, directed against the three models for the statue of Christ, the Light of the World, recently selected by a jury of sculptors as being the best among more than sixty models submitted in the competition, will not stampede those holding the ultimate authority in this matter, the bishops of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, into any hasty repudiation of work performed, up to this time, by the sculptors selected by the jury, and the jury itself, and, most important of all, by the Liturgical Arts Society, which has been entrusted by the NCWC with the prime responsibility for conducting the competition. According to the news account of the outbreak of the controversy released to the Catholic press by the news service of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the chief critic of the models, the Reverend Dr. John Keating Cartwright, of Washington, who published a long article assailing the models and their creators and those who chose them, had not seen the actual models, and adds that "it is understood that none of the others had. Their opinions were based on news pictures."

But even if they had all seen the actual models and not merely the newspaper reproductions alone, how in the name of all the ideals of art and philosophy and religion—to which the critics so vehemently appeal—could they have believed that they possessed adequate knowledge of their subject? For these models were not models of statues meant to be viewed, and to make their impressions, simply as statues—simply as works of art in one category, detached from their relation architecturally to a particular piece of architecture, to wit, the new building of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. When the members of the jury did their work of selection, of course they viewed the various models, reduced in size from that which it is planned the final statue is to be, together with a reduced-size model of the building itself. What is said so volubly and so vehemently in condemnation of the three models, therefore—models which, in any case, are not final, but are by agreement with the sculptors subject to revision, or even to be used simply as starting points for new designs—rests upon wholly insufficient data of observation. In the clearest meaning of the words, such judgments are unfair and fatally deficient judgments, as concerning the artistic values of the three models.

Unfortunately, moreover, a great deal of the condemnatory criticisms are not concerned with artistic values, save as vehicles through which, in this instance, too many of the critics express their horrific dread of an all pervading communistic, anti-God world-conspiracy, which, they fear, has succeeded in capturing the NCWC competition as one more means of overthrowing Christian society. "I do not mean to suggest," writes Dr. Cartwright, "that the artists, still less the judges, are consciously promoting any such conspiracy." No, indeed; but in Dr. Cartwright's opinion, the artists and the judges (and, presumably, the Liturgical Arts Society, and the able theologians and ecclesiastical authorities representing the bishops of the National Catholic Welfare Conference under whose direction and with the aid of whose counsel the Society, in this case, as in all its many years of work, carried on its constructive labors), "are innocently repeating in the realm of culture what the 'fellow travelers' are doing in the realm of political and social action. In both realms good people are digging furrows for very poisonous seeds." The last phrase is pointed in more than one direction.

Dr. Coakley, of Pittsburgh, joins Dr. Cartwright in expressing this particular and, in this case, it must be said, most reckless insinuation. He writes, or rather is quoted as saying, that "the Catholic Church must never permit the enemies of religion, in the very capital of the nation, to seize artistic supremacy. Why should we abdicate artistically and see our chief glories relinquished to aliens?" Well, one reason why enemies of religion, or at least artists and thinkers and statesmen indifferent to religion, have gained supremacy, or anyhow dominance in many fields, artistic and sociological and political, is probably traceable to the unfortunate habit of too many ecclesiastics in recklessly condemning non-imitative, non-conventional artists and thinkers and workers as revolutionaries of a destructive spirit on wholly insufficient grounds. But such charges when directed against the Liturgical Arts Society, must fall to the ground, if adequately met and adequately answered. Nevertheless, they ought not to have been made.

Communications

EMOTION AND WAR

San Francisco, Calif.

TO the Editors: Let me congratulate you on the splendid article by C. G. Paulding and your editorial on the cartoons of Arthur Szyk (THE COMMONWEAL, July 31 and August 7, 1942). It is very important that someone had the courage to point out the com-

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plete absence of art in Mr. Szyk's drawings, and call them, what they are, extremely bad. For a long time I was struck by their growing popularity since not a single one of his cartoons shows even the slightest degree of humor and truth through lightheartedness. It is exactly this characteristic which, if anything, is the differentiating element between the heavy, muddy and direct nazi conception and the vivid, spiritual, Anglo-Saxon way of seeing things. In their un-gayety, the Szyk cartoons remind one of the Goebbels sponsored book of foreign cartoons of his Fuehrer from which what little humor they may have contained (the really good ones were forbidden, of course) was taken away by analyzing and explaining every joke.

One further element, which might escape Americans and which is the only joke in Szyk's cartoons, though a rather tragic one, is that in his drawings, the arch-enemies of his own country Poland and of the Democracies have all the typical features of Poles or Slavs. Mussolini has not the faintest resemblance to the imaginative, sanguine Italian, whose utter political amorality has led him astray. Goering has not the slightest trait of the luscious, decoration-loving Bavarian, whose belly is not the result of vice but of good eating. Hitler has not the most distant resemblance to the fantastic, ascetic neurotic conqueror that he is. Hirohito, whom I know as little as Mr. Szyk, is anything but a Japanese. But they all have something of the melancholy, depression, fatalism and sadness of long suffering Slav peasants, living without hope and without light through many centuries. Thus, unwittingly, he has given to the rulers of the Axis the traits of his own people, which he has even underlined by taking away from the events he describes the humor that they often have.

To learn about events in their uninspiring realism it is enough to read the newspapers. But looking at cartoons, one wants to learn about even a tragic event in a humorous way, which is often a better way to demonstrate the truth, and which is perhaps the only truly artistic way. Low is splendid, Szyk is bad, and I cannot understand how anyone who likes the one can do anything but avoid the other.

LEOPOLD KOHR.

BALTIC STATES

Pawtucket, R. I.

TO The Editors: The conclusion of your editorial on Father Gillis, I think, is rather unjustified. It seems that the writer fails to recognize that one can be an internationalist yet oppose a certain course of action at this particular time. To imply that Father Gillis is an isolationist with no sense of responsibility for the rest of mankind indicates the editor has not read all of Father Gillis's editorials. The fundamental rights of man have not been better upheld than in the *Catholic World* editorial pages.

If I may so state, without disparagement, I believe that Father Gillis has a deeper understanding of history than THE COMMONWEAL editors. To back that up here would require too much space, but the statement is not made rashly. To admit that Russia has a claim on the Baltic countries implies that a nation's right to live as a nation has no foundation. And if so the Irish have been in error all these centuries, are in error now, should be made to see the justness of England's claims. Then peace would be assured in that part of the world. Now transfer that absurdity to the Baltic situation and the picture is complete. It is against history, human nature, implies racialism, might over right, to admit of Russia's claims. There are limits to thinking as well as acting, and I honestly believe that you have gone over those limits in this case.

To hit home, why are we fighting Japan?

ALBERT J. MCALOON.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: May I have a little of your space for comment on your column concerning me in the August 14 number of THE COMMONWEAL?

I appreciate the praise of my work contained in the first paragraph of that column. As I read it I recalled a compliment paid to an archbishop by a priest: "That was a splendid sermon, Your Excellency." "It's kind of you to say so," replied the archbishop. "No, no. I mean it," insisted the priest. "Whether you mean it or not, it's kind of you to say it."

It was kind of you to say those excessively laudatory things of my work. But I fear that your readers must have thought it churlish of me to say such harsh things of you while you were thinking such kind things of me.

It did, however, seem to me that in your many columns on Russia and the Baltic States you had proposed a surrender of the political independence of Poland, Latvia, Esthonia and Finland, and their incorporation in some form or other into Russia. It was that stand which prompted my statement that in this matter THE COMMONWEAL editors had abandoned Catholic and American political and ethical principles.

Also may I express the wish that you had completed the thought only half stated in my sentence, "We can take care of ourselves." I added a second sentence, "But whether we can take care of everybody else 'from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand' is another question."

Finally you speak of my "sudden and violent interventionism on behalf of the Baltic countries." If I had my way we should still be following the contract implicit in the Monroe Doctrine. "Let Europe keep out of America and America will keep out of Europe." I do not advocate violent interventionism on behalf of the Baltic States or the Balkan States or the Mediterranean States or any others in Europe or Asia or Africa. But when a proposition is made that communist Russia should annex, incorporate and—inevitably—absorb the Baltic States, I think it within the province of an advocate of national freedom and independence to say so.

I do wish that those who have read your comment upon my attitude would look at the August editorial in *The Catholic World*. It hurts me to be thought "nasty" when you have been so nice!

JAMES M. GILLIS, C.S.P.

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Editors' Note. *Father Gillis's letter helps to clarify this controversy. The problem of the small state or nation is exceedingly complicated by modern conditions of transportation, communication and warfare. In justice, small nations certainly have the right to exist and to be independent. In justice, also, large nations have a right to prevent small nations from jeopardizing their own existence. These two rights conflict, particularly under modern conditions. What we have been asking people to consider and governments to do in the present instance is to work out some tolerable solution to this conflict. In the particular case, we saw more than a likelihood that the Baltic States (we do not include all of Poland) would be quietly "sold down the river." We saw not only an argument of expediency, but an argument of justice for giving Russia a measure of control over their foreign policies. We saw a strong argument of expediency but no justice whatever in allowing Russia to absorb these nations. We wished to enter a plea that the problem be squarely faced and some attempt made to work it out, rather than be shelved with what seems to be an almost inevitable and terrible injustice to follow at the end. Our assumptions were based upon an eventual Russian victory; if this should not take place, the whole question is very different. But if it does, this aspect of American and British foreign policy in the spring of 1942 may prove to have been the worst sort of ostrich-playing.*

A CATHOLIC DAILY

San Francisco, Calif.

TO the Editors: I wish to give my wholehearted support to the wish and desire of Burnett C. Bauer for a discussion of the idea for a national Catholic daily, as expressed in his letter published in the August 7 issue of THE COMMONWEAL.

The indifference of both our American clergy and laymen to a daily paper sponsored by the Church has been a source of astonishment to me. When one considers what a tremendous influence for good it would be to both Catholics and non-Catholics, a thinking Catholic is more deeply amazed that the idea has been practically ignored by those responsible leaders of the Church. . . .

We have seen what a fine and great influence the "Catholic Hour" has had since its beginning on the American public. I know of many Protestants who listen to it regularly each Sunday and are deeply impressed with the constructive, objective and logical thoughts expressed. These people have been enlightened with regard to the true Church of Christ. Now is it not true that a Catholic daily paper would likewise have a tremendous effect for good on thousands of Protestants and Jews alike?

I realize many problems will have to be surmounted before such a newspaper can be realized. But by all means do let us have a discussion about it and see why there is opposition to an idea which to me is a fine way to bring constructive and objective Catholic thought to the many people outside the Church—and to some members of the Church too, who need to be literally kicked out of their mental state of passivity. . . .

JOHN H. MAHER.

THE JUST AND THE UNJUST

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I agree with Mr. Sylvester that we can "prove nothing in these columns without resort to quotation on an impractical scale." My original point was that he hadn't proved his case. I still think so. I do not, however, propose to resort to large scale quotation. But I would like another word or two. Mr. Sylvester does not regard the Cozzens novel as "an American classic" *despite* my opinion. On that I expressed no judgment one way or the other. . . .

Secondly: What *precisely* goes on in the mind of the jury we don't know. For Mr. Cozzens does not expose its mental processes. We simply must assume that the jury *was* flattered, and that the verdict would have been different if Abner's chief had been less complacent. At least Abner expresses this opinion. There is no evidence that the jury acts despite Mr. Wurts's plea, or that he is "egregious even to them." For this, and other opinions, Mr. Sylvester is resorting to mysticism—and here I do not propose to follow him. That is really the word for Mr. Sylvester's talk about subtlety and Stendhal. Mr. Cozzens is a subtle novelist. I agree. But Stendhal! . . .

Mr. Sylvester maintains that I prove nothing by quotation from Judge Coates, since he is merely trying to console his son. There is no evidence for his saying this—or that the Judge is anything but a wise, old man who knows law and justice will go on despite wrong verdicts.

Mr. Sylvester then finds that I possess an "appalling lack of subtlety." In public, at least, he doesn't expect me to admit to that. But if mystic creation of a novelist's intention is to be subtle, I confess—impenitent and glad.

Mr. Sylvester finally observes that I am part of the great price that Mr. Cozzens artistically pays for his kind of writing. This, of course, is simple nonsense especially since Mr. Sylvester writes that it would be good if Mr. Cozzens settled our dispute himself. In any event, unsubtle and obtuse as I may be, I shall go on reading Mr. Cozzens's work, and liking it. And Mr. Sylvester shall go on reading it, and, subtle to please himself, finding in it—things that aren't there.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

The Screen

Some Very Tough Characters

IF "This Gun for Hire" and "The Maltese Falcon" were your kind of movie, you'd better hurry over to John Huston's new film. Huston, who directed the latter, now turns out *"Across the Pacific"* just as if to show that his brilliant direction in the "Falcon" was no one-time flash. The new film has the same leading players as the "Falcon" and while the story isn't as well-knit, Richard Macaulay's screenplay provides good cinema material. It is brittlely written and has humor, suspense and excitement, all of which Huston accentuates in transferring them to the screen. And he maneuvers his cast through noteworthy performances. Once again Humphrey Bogart is the hard, cynical sleuth drawn into a maze of thrills

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and complications. Mary Astor is his companion, whose motives and smart answers indicate she is not the ten-cent-store babe from Medicine Hat that she says she is. Sydney Greenstreet moves his bulk suavely as he reiterates his love for the Japanese in a sinister and insinuating fashion. Although the ship on which the main action occurs never takes us where the film's title says it's going to, it does provide the scene for much violence during the month leading up to December seventh. If it weren't for Huston's lovely touches of humor, one could hardly take the brutality that is dished up, or all those Japs with guns and knives and things, or Greenstreet's foreboding understatement. Fortunately this adult dialogue and comedy save the film from being too cruel. The scenes of Astor's *mal de mer* during which Bogart is so caustically unsympathetic are quickly followed by Bogart's turning green while Astor laughs last. The film's final ten minutes sag a bit by getting overly melodramatic, but you've had your fun and thrills and you're ready for the fast bang-bang finish. Another point in the film's favor is the reserve with which the Japanese are portrayed, even as the action swings into its scenes at the Panama Canal. It is to be hoped, however, that hissing audiences won't drown out the script's clever cracks.

"The Big Street" is a fairy story for adults. It was produced by Damon Runyon and was based on his short story called "Little Pinks." (It should have retained the original title, although customers might have expected a treatise on red-tinted liberals.) Little Pinks is the leading character—as nice and sensitive a dope as you'd want to find on Broadway, or the Big Street, as Mr. Runyon's locale is more familiarly called. Little Pinks is a busboy at "Mindy's," the famous restaurant where so many of Runyon's characters hang out. He is a good busboy, but he is so stuck on a nightclub singer that he loses all sense of proportion. He calls this beautiful doll "Your Highness," and he is so devoted to her that when her ex-boyfriend knocks her down the stairs and she becomes crippled, Little Pinks takes care of her, waits on her hand and foot, spends his all on her recovery. Her wheelchair becomes the pedestal that holds his goddess. And does this dizzy but beautiful dame reciprocate—or even appreciate? Not she! Why, Her Highness even has her cap set for a wealthy playboy. When New York's winter gets too cold for her, she selfishly demands that Little Pinks throw over his job and wheel her down to Florida. And the poor dumb sap does it! (One of the best scenes shows Little Pinks and Her Highness arguing with the cops at the entrance to the Holland Tunnel.) The rest of this fantastic story is concerned with how Little Pinks's devotion finally got its reward. It comes in a vicarious sort of way, but he is happy in his final sadness. Irving Reis has directed this Runyonesquely sweet story in a touching manner. It will warm your heart to see Runyon's wise-cracking, hardboiled Broadway characters (whom Leonard Spigelgass has caught effectively in his script) showing their affection for Little Pinks, even though they think he's an awful fool about this gold-digging doll. These minor rôles are well handled by Eugene Pallette, Sam Levene, Ray Collins, Agnes Moore-

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head, Barton McLane, William Orr. The performances of the two principals are outstanding. Henry Fonda, who has already perfected the rôle of the shy, lovable dope, outdoes himself as the love-sick, self-sacrificing (almost to the point of masochism) Little Pinks. And Lucille Ball as the hard, egocentric singer who believes a girl's best friend is the dollar and who becomes such a victim of paranoia that nothing can save her, exhibits an acting ability that has only been suggested in her former rôles. "Little Pinks" may not be Runyon at his best, but it does offer entertainment that is out of the ordinary.

Sooner or later Hollywood is going to have to make up its mind about this war. Nazis are either an enemy to be taken seriously or they are the kind of boobs that one can laugh off and overcome by a swift kick in the pants. *"Invisible Agent"* is the latest error in bad taste. It is an unhappy combination of the tricks of H. G. Wells's "Invisible Man," the brand of nazi cruelty that they use on their victims (the Gestapo break the fingers of kindly, soft-speaking Albert Basserman), and supposedly hilarious slapstick comedy (J. Edward Bromberg as a thick-witted, fat nazi officer who is the main recipient of the custard pies and boots). The idea behind the film does have possibilities for some exciting melodramatic spy stuff. Jon Hall uses his secret drug to make himself invisible so he can prowl around Berlin and learn a few valuable secrets. (Jon is six feet two with his head on.) If this were played as a fantastic tale, it might have been made into a thrilling, though unbelievable, adventure movie. With beautiful Ilona Massey as the international spy to help the invisible American agent carry on, and sneering Peter Lorre as the Japanese agent, and malevolent Cedric Hardwicke as the nazi agent, this cast might have done an interesting how-to-use-an-invisible-man-in-wartime film. This isn't the film.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Sad Time for the Church

History of the Popes. Ludwig von Pastor. Volumes XXXIII and XXXIV. 1700-1740. *Herder.* $5.00 *each.*

THESE volumes cover a singularly dreary and dispiriting period in ecclesiastical history. The vitality of the Church was low, and the prestige of the Holy See was lower than it had been in centuries. During the entire eighteenth century the Church was on the defensive, and her fortunes declined steadily.

In the political field the Church leaned heavily on the Catholic powers and paid an exorbitant price for the few benefits they conferred. Gallicanism and regalism were in the ascendant everywhere, and the princes were cynical and unabashed in their encroachments on the prerogatives of the Church. The least important princes felt strong enough to challenge the Holy See, and the mere threat of a rupture in diplomatic relations, even with a state like Parma, caused consternation in the Vatican. The princes felt safe from reprisals, and every concession extorted from the Pope encouraged further demands. How far regalist pretensions went is seen in the complaint that the canonization of Vincent de Paul was an attack on the liberties of the Gallican Church.

Unfortunately the steady growth of royal control of ecclesiastical affairs led to the Church being identified with the *status quo,* and because it ceased to protest against the injustices of the old order it lost heavily when the inevitable explosion came. All during the century the princes were closing in on the milk-white Hind, and there was no prophet to warn them that in the end the *ancien régime,* not the Church, was to be the great casualty.

The external difficulties of the Church in this bleak period reflected the feebleness of her inner life. The absence of real eminence or distinction among her servants was disheartening. It was felt in every field, and resulted in a general mediocrity that explains much of her failure to offer a more vigorous resistance to her enemies. The princes intrigued incessantly in the conclaves and consistories to prevent the promotion of any forceful personality to the papal throne. They succeeded in securing ineffectual popes, but fortunately could not prevent their being virtuous. Benedict XIII was very pious and very incompetent. Benedict XIV, who inherited many problems from him, said of him that he knew nothing whatever of government. Clement XII was blind and bedridden for years. The more prominent Cardinals Alberoni, Coscia, Dubois, Fleury, Grimani and Neuilles, were pale reflections of the great eccclesiastics whose mantles they wore. Even the saints were few and far between, scarcer than at any time in a thousand years. In 1740 Saint Alphonsus and Saint Paul of the Cross had not yet made their mark as witnesses against their age. The paucity of saints was due in part to the Jansenist and Quietist triumph over the mystics, which seriously diminished the abounding fervor and energy indispensable to the higher levels of sanctity. There was hardly a writer of distinction on the Catholic side, and all the wit and fireworks came from the opposition. Orthodoxy was defended in a listless way that allowed infidelity to pursue its destructive course unmindful that anything could be said for the belief of Augustine and Aquinas.

Jansenism was still growing in power. Unlike modern French anticlericalism, it was considered suitable for export, and the bitter disputes to which it gave rise in France had a ruinous effect on the Chinese missions. The stage was being set for the great assault on the Jesuits that was the final triumph of the anti-papal forces during the Enlightenment. The first signs of the French Revolution were already visible, and the reader of these volumes must see how inevitable and, with all its ghastly excesses, how justified it was.

FLORENCE D. COHALAN.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Glimpses of World History. Jawaharlal Nehru. Day. $4.00

IT IS seldom, perhaps, that I have read a more disappointing book than is this huge volume. The fault is no doubt mine. One somehow acquires a feeling that because a man's name is mentioned everywhere, his opinions must on all and sundry counts be worth knowing. Maybe such prepossessions are symptoms of gullibility. Maybe not.

Nehru, in prison by order of His Majesty's government, undertook to send his daughter a series of letters concerned with the history of mankind. The idea was an excellent one, and it may be surmised that an effort to see the past against the background of "ageless India"

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might well beguile the American or the European, whose actual knowledge of human endeavor does not carry him much beyond the Christian era, however fascinating he may find speculative interest in the "eons" of "evolution." As a matter of fact, Nehru does now and then make one feel absurdly young in the sense of historic time. The bulk of the book is, however, given over to astonishingly slavish rewriting of Mr. H. G. Wells. Mind you, I am not belittling the literary virtues of the "Outline of History." It is too bad Christians haven't anybody to do equally well. Of course if we had we should probably not realize it, but that is another matter.

The trouble is that the stylistic color of Wells fades out in the Nehru *magnum opus,* leaving all the clichés and the whoppers exposed to the gray scrutiny of the naked eye. It is true that Nehru has flashes of originality. Thus, on page 45 of a treatise which in these troubled days uses up nearly a thousand pages of precious paper and type-face, we read: "Aristotle did not trouble himself with problems of philosophy, like Socrates and Plato. He was more interested in observing things in Nature and in understanding the ways of Nature." Even now, in the twilight of thought in the universities, a sophomore who wrote that would be carefully set down as somebody predestined for an F. I really have not looked hard for the sample. Yet as I have remarked most of the volume is Wellsian, with all the limitations and assets the term implies.

What does come out pretty well is the author's social philosophy. The "people" are in ferment whenever they get a chance. Russia is their chosen stamping ground, labor in the United States being a class of dull and moderate folks contemptuously referred to by others as "dagos." Those are the premises on which Nehru writes a long and breezy disquisition on modern European events, dotted with errors and facile generalizations. Well, one had hoped that the Indian movement for independence sprang from a living desire to make old wisdom dynamic once more. But if there is nothing in it except what comes out in Nehru's book, it is, alas, just another feeble wave on the waters which have been set in motion by nineteenth century European revolution. In that case it may be labeled and put in the museum beside the other fossils. I shall retreat wistfully into contemplation of Gandhi's loin cloth and try to forget Nehru.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

HISTORY

The Stone That Burns. By William Haynes. Van Nostrand. $3.75.

THIS is a story splashed upon an immense canvas. It is the story of man's victory over gigantic obstacles, told against a backdrop of millions of tons of sulphur, millions of gallons of water pumped daily and miles of piping and tubing for single operations.

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There are numerous giants in this story, chief among them being the late Herman Frasch, a financial as well

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as engineering and chemical genius. The possessor of 64 patents by 1912, it was he who first perfected the standard method of sulphur mining by melting the sulphur thousands of feet below the ground and then pumping it to the surface.

It is unfortunate that the book is somewhat marred by the repetitive histories of the various mining companies and by an occasional overabundance of technical detail. Mr. Haynes, apparently an expert himself, sometimes forgets the lay reader and buries him under heaps of esoteric data. EDWARD J. CRONIN.

Ambassadors in White. Charles Morrow Wilson. Henry Holt. $3.50.

"AMBASSADORS IN WHITE" is an honest book, a worthwhile book, and surprisingly enough, entertaining to the layman, despite the nature of its contents. It comprises the biographies of five great men of medicine, discusses the ravages of tropical ills, the strides that have been made in this field, and poses the pertinent challenge of what must yet be accomplished.

Finlay, Reed and Gorgas of yellow fever fame. The life of Carlos Finlay, the noted Cuban scientist, rightfully introduces the reader to the losing battle against the yellow peril which the world was waging until Finlay came along with his amazing theory of the transmission of disease by an insect vector. "He told his findings to medical men who did not believe. Cuban listeners were at least gracious. Most North Americans were rude. But the great Cuban worked." For twenty years he labored on in the face of poverty, and heard himself described as "the mosquito doctor," while still others said he was "touched."

Recognition came at last when Walter Reed, Major and Surgeon of the United States Army, decided to experiment with Finlay's theory. This then obscure Army doctor was to prove Finlay's work to a doubting world, and on New Year's night, 1900, he was to write his wife: "It has been permitted me and my assistants to lift the impenetrable veils that surrounded the causation of this most wonderful, dreadful pest of humanity and put it on a rational and scientific basis. . . . The prayer that has been mine for twenty years, that I might be permitted in some way or at some time to do something to alleviate human suffering, has been granted."

The life of Dr. William C. Gorgas, of Panama Canal fame, who brought to the fight against yellow fever his practical genius and his successful control of the dread disease by sanitation, completes an enlightening trilogy.

The story of Dr. William Deeks of Canada is movingly told. The successful struggle of a poor lad with a genuine love for medicine makes excellent reading and his half-starved youth is a good background for his great interest in malnutrition.

The fifth and last biography deals with Noguchi of Japan and it speaks well for the author that he does not hesitate to include a great man of science because of his race. We are still civilized enough to admire "how this son of Japan reached his eminence among students of tropical medicine . . . a story worthy of Horatio Alger." How he dies in a tragedy worthy of Shakespeare, and how "between his birth and his death lies one of those mysterious applications of human intellectual force which change the face of the world." Readers will love the crippled Noguchi.

The author emphasizes the need for more men of the calibre of Gorgas and Deeks, to carry on the great work of sanitation of the tropics, if those fertile, rich lands are ever to become the strongholds of democracy and havens of refuge to the weary peoples of the earth, which a war-torn world envisions. LULÚ VARGAS VILA.

MISCELLANEOUS

Model Railroad Engineering. David Marshall. Harper. $3.50.

A PORTION of a chapter of this volume appeared some months ago in THE COMMONWEAL (May 22, 1942). It may seem a strange book to warrant a review outside of a specialized magazine, yet anyone who would think so must be a person not yet initiated into the mysteries of what for me is certainly the most appealing of all hobbies. You have only to see a real model railroad in operation to be enchanted—unless your spirit is one of those dull things that never has reacted to the beauties of a steam locomotive whistling in the darkness of the night as the Limited crashes her way past your home town.

Model railroading is a hobby which principally requires two things of its devotees. One is manual dexterity and the other, imagination and intelligence. It is therefore not extraordinary that this handbook for present and future builders and lovers of model railways should also be a book with many pages of general interest, for any subject which has a natural affinity for the imagination and the intelligence is a subject which can command its share of universal human attention.

Of course Mr. Marshall has had to include a great deal which is sheer detail, and without which his book would not have practical value, but he has also included—under an equal compulsion—much which thrills the mind, satisfies the curiosity, moves the imagination. Perhaps it will startle some readers of this review to have me praise Mr. Marshall's style. And I must confess that this is the first manual for hobbyists of which I could ever dare do as much. There is a certain handsome conciseness and clarity to his writing, and even occasionally a touch of almost biblical poetry, altogether astonishing in a book of this sort. But of course if you *don't* like to hear, and be able to distinguish between, locomotive whistles, don't bother either with model railroads or Mr. Marshall.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

PHILOSOPHY

Divine Providence and the Problem of Evil. A translation of Saint Augustine's "De Ordine," with annotations by Robert P. Russell, O.S.A., Ph.D. Cosmopolitan Science and Art Service. $2.00.

THE THEME: the order of reality of each thing and of the entire universe; God's care for human affairs versus the widespread perversity in them. The solution is sought by keen and many-sided analyses of the objective problem, of the intellectual and moral requisites in the seeker after truth and their respective value in the search.

In discussing these questions, Saint Augustine offers interesting genetic theories of the sciences of the mind, of moral personality and true culture. Homely episodes during the discussion and biographical sidelights on the participants enhance the beauty of "De Ordine." The present work is the first English translation.

The Latin text on opposite pages, Saint Augustine's own later criticism and the translator's notes give the book a well-rounded completeness. T. A. RATTLER.

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The Inner Forum

The Church in India

IT IS 400 years since Saint Francis Xavier first set foot in Goa, capital of Portuguese India, after a journey of thirteen months from Lisbon. He spent several years in India on the Malabar coast, at Travancore and among the pearl fishers at Cape Cormorin before leaving for Malacca on the Malay Peninsula. According to *Catholic Missions,* the descendants of the 10,000 people of the Makuan caste of Travancore whom he baptised still call themselves "the children of Saint Francis Xavier."

He was so successful in opening up the mission fields of Ceylon and southern India that by the year 1600 there were 400 Jesuits laboring in that area. A century later Catholics there numbered 2,500,000. But in the seventeenth and subsequent centuries misfortunes fell. In Portugal itself there was a schism and the Jesuits were expelled from the country. The Calvinist Dutch meanwhile took India away from the Portuguese and expelled or killed the Catholic missionaries. When the English supplanted the Dutch, there was less persecution, but Protestant missioners with rich resources came in great numbers. Catholics in India had dwindled to a scant half million by 1800.

This number had doubled by 1850 and doubled again by 1900, thanks in large measure to the creation of an Indian hierarchy in 1886 by Leo XIII. The present rate of increase is about 120,000 a year. The total Catholic population of India, Burma, Malaya and Ceylon is now over 4,800,000. There are 63 dioceses and archdioceses; foreign priests number 1,526; native priests, 3,052. There are 350 Catholic hospitals and dispensaries, 500 orphanages. Bishop Rossillon, Pontifical Legate to the Madras Eucharistic Congress, said in part: "Far from wanting to denationalize her sons, we have come to join our lot with theirs and to Indianize ourselves among them. India has become for us our fatherland, our home where we wish to live and die. We love her as a mother. We love her sons as our brothers. Our desire and our prayer is to see her grow great, prosperous and respected among all the peoples of the earth. . . . We have come to give Christ to India. . . . Our only wish is to share Him with you, for in Him alone is the plenitude of life and of salvation."

CONTRIBUTORS

C. J. ENZLER is connected with the Department of Agriculture, but writes the article we publish herewith wholly on his own responsibility.

Harry Paxton HOWARD, journalist and educator, returned last year to the US after 24 years in the Far East—5 in Japan and 19 in China. He is the author of a book on the socialist and labor movement in Japan, whence he was deported in 1922.

Granger RYAN is a student of medieval literature who contributes to THE COMMONWEAL.

Rev. Florence D. COHALAN teaches history at Cathedral College.

George N. SHUSTER, formerly managing editor of THE COMMONWEAL, is now President of Hunter College, New York.

Edward J. CRONIN reviews books for the Chicago *Sun.*

Lulú Vargas VILA is a native of Colombia now resident in Washington, D. C.

Rev. T. A. RATTLER, O.S.A., is a member of the community at St. Rita's Monastery, Racine, Wisconsin.

Next Week

BATTLE FOR CONTINENTS, by Albert A. Brandt, is a startling prediction of the next German move should the nazis succeed in completing their Russian campaign. It is the quest for oil that matters—oil to run the war and peace machinery of the world they hope to conquer, according to this exciting article. Read next week's Commonweal to find out where the next big move is planned, and how it will affect the United States.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY, by Harry Lorin Binsse is a historical study of American religious liberty. It brings to light the real character of the liberty achieved in Maryland and Rhode Island back in Colonial days. This discussion of what developed into our present belief in freedom of worship is indispensable for understanding the four freedoms.

IN RUSSIA . . . IT'S COLDER, by Marta Wankowicz, tells the story of the Russian occupation of Eastern Poland. It provides a lively and timely warning to the many Americans who now believe that simply because we are joined in battle against Hitler the United States and Soviet Russia are inspired by the same human and democratic ideals. The title expresses the difference between Germany and Russia as far as the Poles' experience is concerned.

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